

BARGAINS FOR CASH BUYERS!

OUR MOTTO:

Undersell, Cash Down. Quick Sales, Small Profits.

1 card hook and eyes....	1c	Egg whips.....	1c
Nutmeg Graters.....	2c	4 cakes wash soap.....	5c
750 Carpet tacks.....	5c	Tea Spoons.....	5c to 25c
6 balls carpenter's chalk	5c	Ladies' Fancy hose 10 to 25c	
6 sheets fly paper.....	5c	100lb Silver Leaf flour \$2.30	
8 sheets sand paper.....	5c	100lb Golden Rule flour \$2.10	
50 envelopes.....	5c	XXXX Coffee per pound 10c	
6 spools Clark's thread..	25c	Arbuckles Coffee.....	11c
4 pounds Arm & Hammer		Good bulk roasted coffee	
Soda.....	25c	per pound..	10 and 12 1/2c
5 papers sewing needles	10c	Good weed scythes 50c, 75c	
5 gallons good coal oil...	60c	Scythe sneeds.....	75c
1 dozen Mason's 1 quart		Silver Star baking powder	15c
glass cans.....	48c	1 set good table knives	
1 dozen Mason's 1/2 gallon		and forks.....	48c
glass cans.....	60c	Collars and Cuff buttons	
1 doz Mason's best rub'rs	5c	from.....	10c to 25c
Best 3-prong hay fork..	40c	Good Corsets from..	39c up
Mixed candy per pound	5c	Tobacco Hoes.....	25c
Tin dish pans.....	15 to 25c	Lamp burners.....	5c
124 sheets writing paper	15c	1 doz lamp wicks.....	5c
Boys' knit underwear	12 1/2c	1 casd 144 agate buttons	5c
Heavy strap-hinges 5 to	15c	1 doz kid hair curlers..	5c
Glass Tumblers.....	20c	Diamond Axle Grease..	5c

C. T. FLANDERS, JUDY, KY.

From Abroad.

LETTER NO. XX.

JERICHO AND THE JORDAN.

Jericho, March 11, 1903.

Dear Judge: The distance from Jerusalem to Jericho in an air line is about thirteen miles; but by the carriage road it is eighteen. This broad and excellent turnpike, with high stone parapets at the danger points, was constructed in 1889 by eight hundred men to smooth the way of the German Emperor to the Jordan. The descent from Jerusalem to the Jordan is about 4,000 feet, and the distance twenty miles, the river being about seven miles east of ancient Jericho. This famous "Bloody Way," as it is justly named, passes through the Jeshimon, the howling wilderness amongst whose weird and petrified billows the scapegoat of the Jews was let loose to lose himself in the savage desolation of its lonely peaks of arid stone, or the dark abysses in which are hidden the feet of dizzy cliffs. Behind these appalling precipices are unexplored caverns, the impregnable haunts of wild beasts and savage men, save where the lonely and gloomy homes of devout monks, suspended on peaks and cliffs, apparently inaccessible, excite the amazement and admiration of the traveler.

The road passes around the southern slope of Olivet, over the hallowed spot of tender memory, where Jesus prayed and wept aloud, and by his sacred home of Bethany, at the edge of whose fertile basin desolation and descent begin. At the foot of the steepest grade along the steep route are the "waters of En Shemesh," or "Apostles' Fountain," the only fountain on the road. About halfway to Jericho is the "Khan of the Good Samaritan." A single word from Jesus has given immortal fame to this spot, and the poor fishermen who waited on His word have named the solitary fountain, where illustrious conquerors and mighty kings for thousands of years halted to rest and slake their thirst. Three times I have traversed this alluring highway, and tomorrow when the sun kindles on the purple hills of Moab, I shall be high amid its jagged cliffs and chasms on my way to the Holy City, watching a sunrise that has no rival save where its soft violet refulgence glorifies "Sweet Galilee." I shall see the gilded Russian tower on Olivet reflect back to the hills, where Moses fell asleep, the first radiant rays of the rising sun.

Here we are seated on a grassy

mound of ruins, a quarter of a mile long and from fifty to ninety feet above the plain. This is the tomb of ancient Jericho. Fragments of the prostrate walls that fell before the blast of Joshua's trumpets, 3,500 years ago, lie still with the ashes of the city and its people under this turf. The best woman in the city was a harlot, whose superior virtue saved her father's house. A prince of Judah made her his wife and placed her in the genealogical line of David and Christ—because her heart of faith was true to the dim light that shone on her beighted path.

Towering above this silent sepulcher is Quarantania, the traditional mountain where the Son of God encountered the great enemy of men and won his Messiahship for us.

That snowy ridge toward the north that seems so near, is illustrious Hermon, a hundred miles away. Across the emerald setting of Jordan, a few miles east of its mouth, the solemn summit of Nebo glows in the western sun. In the glimmer of the purple and gold that veil its crest, I can almost descry a memorable form, hoary and august, over whom bends with more than paternal tenderness, the God of Israel, to kiss away his mortal life and take him to the skies. On those same summits the magic mantle of Elijah dropped as the flaming chariots of Jehovah bore him deathless from the earth. On yonder shining mountain whence the Jordan has its birth, both these matchless men descended to meet the transfigured Son of God. Across the plains of Moab, the camping place of Israel before the crossing of the Jordan, the bereaved young prophet came with the treasured mantle that fell from heaven, and the conscious Jordan reverently opened a waterless gate for the sorrowful pilgrim. He came to this mound from whose eastern side a copious, gushing stream of pure sweet water flows to irrigate the plain. This is Elisha's Fountain—sweetened by the miracle of this servant of Elijah.

Just in front of us where the gigantic oleander bloom and the tamarisks, acacias and thorn trees dip their branches in the hurrying stream, the Jordan dried its bed for miles to await the crossing of Joshua's host to the promised land, and their first camp in Canaan was at Gilgal, marked by that magnificent tamarisk, three miles east of us—just halfway from this mound to the Jordan.

Seven miles below us the rushing waters of the tortuous Jordan descend into the most brilliant sheet

of water on our globe. I gaze with restful pleasure upon the Dead Sea's forty-seven miles of surface—forty-seven by nine miles—glistening under a strangely tinted atmosphere, whose subdued and quiet coloring has in it passion, peace and rest. Through such an atmosphere I lift my eyes to the solemn grandeur of the everlasting hills, whose variegated cliffs and mountains rise four thousand feet above it on either side. The surface lies 1292 feet below ocean level, and the sea at its northern end is 1,300 feet deep. A gallon of sea water, weighing twelve pounds, holds in solution about half a pound of saline matter. Any one who has received into his mouth or wiped from his smarting eyes, water of the Atlantic or Pacific must have a lively memory of its mineral potency; but that ocean water carries a sweet and soothing quality compared with the acrid salinity of the Dead Sea water, every gallon of which contains three and a half pounds of saline matter—a pound of chloride of sodium (salt), two pounds of chloride of magnesium (that accounts for its bitterness), and half a pound of chloride of calcium that imparts to it a seductive oily quality. These and other elements constitute a liquid whose buoyancy is unequalled by any body of water on earth, and whose transparency is rivaled only by the Eleusinian lake. It is diaphanous as the purest glass, and pebbles twenty feet below its surface are clearly seen. Its marvelous brilliancy augments the charm of this unique sea. Its billows roll like a sea of oil, and beat upon its beach and barriers ponderous as molten lead. A mountain of rock salt six miles in length stretches along the southwestern shore.

Around these poetic waters once clustered the luxurious and lecherous "cities of the plain" that vanished so suddenly under the sulphurous judgment of the Almighty. Nothing but a storm of flaming sulphur could safely quarantine the world against the unspeakable nastiness and revolting wantonness in which these refined and cultured cities revelled with insatiable greed. In one of the most distressing of Bible stories it is said of a grand old nomad, rude and righteous, "he pitched his tent toward Sodom." Your fancy can scarce exaggerate the stately grandeur of this solitary, righteous man, as with compressed lips and tightened grip upon his pilgrim staff, he tries to keep up with the eager procession, led on straight to Sodom by his gay and gallant wife. The spacious black tents, with luxurious Egyptian equipage, pitched near the city walls, could not long satisfy the ambitious woman, who had "wintered abroad" in Egypt, and had acquired all the culture and exquisite refinement of its society, its colleges and deified calves; and so the spectacular procession again moves on, and the lonely old shiek is led as a lamb to the slaughter, afraid to open his mouth in the presence of the strong and strenuous woman whom he loved with all the ardor of his quiescent nature, and was permanently installed in that palatial residence in the midst of Sodom, whence he was rescued by two angels of God. "Remember Lot's wife."—Luke 17: 32.

W. T. TIBBS.

Paris Bank Dividends.

Paris banks declared the following semi-annual dividends: Agricultural, 5 per cent; Deposit, 3 per cent.; Bourbon, 4 per cent.; Citizen's, 3 per cent. The First National added a neat sum to its surplus and undivided profits.

"THE PARENT."

Of the relationships uniting God's great human family, none equals in solemnity and sacred responsibility the relationship of parent and child.

Between the true husband and wife, the loyal brother and sister, there is a sacred bond indeed—but it is a bond of equality—we walk side by side abiding in the strength, one of another. Only a parent can comprehend the awful feeling of responsibility to God for the human being placed in his keeping.

When the tiny being was first placed in your arms—and your eyes looked into those wondering, innocent eyes upturned to yours—what were your thoughts—fathers and mothers? Were you not filled with awe as you realized—this is a human life, a living soul placed in my weak, human hands to mould! When the day of final reckoning comes what shall I be able to say of this marvelous work given me to do! Did you not see yourself as you had never seen yourself before? Was not each fault magnified in your eyes? God pity the man or woman who at such a time did not feel the longing to be better, nobler, more worthy the treasure given into their keeping. Ah! Those marvelous baby eyes! What power they hold! How they seem to question us—to read our inmost thoughts! How can we but strive to be worthy the love and respect of our little ones—praying to God for strength and for guidance in our development of these little lives.

It seems but natural to take advantage of all sources of improvement for our children. We are constantly on the alert to adopt whatever seems favorable to their physical or mental betterment—which is as it should be. But do we not at times grow over zealous in this direction—to the detriment of that higher training? Do we as ardently seek for the greatest aid in our children's moral and spiritual upbuilding? And yet—here lies our greatest responsibility. Today we come together to consider the greatest help we parents can have in fitting our boys and girls for a Christian manhood and womanhood. We are here to discuss the Sunday School—it's power and its great needs, and I, especially wish to consider our duty, as parents, in this cradle of the Church.

Do we, as parents, realize first, what an important place is ours in the Sunday School? Are we not inclined to place all responsibility with the pastor, the superintendent and the teachers? Our pastors may aid with presence and prayers—we may have earnest, consecrated superintendents, with willing co-workers in their teachers—all striving to build up, and hold up the Sunday School, working for the good of our children—but, did you ever stop to think how we may aid them? How almost powerless, they are without our co-operation? We parents can not always attend Sunday School but our presence may be felt though, bodily, we are absent.

We must comprehend the bond uniting parent and child before we may realize the important place the parent fills in the Sunday School.

We can all look back to when we were children—feeling that no one in all the world was just quite so wise as our father and our mother. What they said was right, was right in our eyes, no matter how much in the wrong some of them might have been.

As it was then, so it is today—we be right or wrong, our children

accept our verdict. So, in this question of the Sunday School. Do we believe in it—realize its importance—through us our children believe in it.

To prove our belief in its importance we should first, and above all things see to it that our children are promptly in their places Sunday morning—allowing no trifle to interfere with their going. It is so easy to fall into the fault of staying at home—excuses for staying are not hard to find—let us be firm in this determination that the habit may become a fixed one—and, as our children grow up the House of God will be as home to them.

In our day schools I believe the teachers prefer getting hold of a little ignoramus—one who knows nothing of books—but our Sunday School teachers would surely feel a sense of shame for the parents of little ones who come to them ignorant of Bible teaching. To our shame be it that such children are in our Sunday Schools. There comes to my mind a time when an earnest Sunday School worker told me of some children in her class who had never heard of Jesus—had no conception of God. And I was horrified to know they were children from prominent families—well-to-do—educated—first families. (By way of parenthesis let me say these were not Mt. Sterling children.) I have wondered how these children came to be in a Sunday School. Did they come because other children came—of their own choice—or did their parents send them? While such neglect on the part of parents horrifies us—nevertheless I, for one, do not advocate thorough teaching of the regular Sunday School lessons by the parents. At one time I religiously taught my boy his lesson before Sunday came. He must fully understand it—my way of course—and answer all questions verbatim.

I have come to doubt the wisdom of this course and our present plan is this—I feel there must be some preparation—consequently we have adopted, for our regular Bible reading, the daily readings of the lesson—discussing them as we read them in connection with the lesson chapter, which, with the interpretation, we read several times during the week, so getting the general idea of the lesson, leaving all further interpretation and impressions to be made by the teacher.

Under the wise guidance of our superintendent, we parents of the Mt. Sterling Methodist Sunday School feel the teachers take their places Sunday morning, thoroughly prepared, and better fitted, than we to explain the lesson. Presuming all Sunday Schools here represented are equally fortunate, I would urge the parents not to embarrass the teacher by over teaching at home. In this respect our Sunday and day schools are similar. The children become the victims of too much teaching, and we hinder where we wish to aid.

There is one feature of the Sunday School I certainly feel should be impressed upon the parents and that is, the penny collection. "The child is father to the man." Did you ever stop to think why it is some of our grown folks give so grudgingly to the Church? They were not trained to it when they were children. I am a firm believer in each child, who can possibly afford it, having his or her mite for the penny collection. Teach the child not to measure its giving by what other's give, but in proportion to its own ability. In the Sunday School the child is trained for the church and each tiniest child should learn to feel it's individual responsibility in the support of Her institutions.

The parent should see to it that

the children are prepared to aid in the finances of the Sunday School. The superintendent and teachers may urge the importance of the collection but what does it amount to if the parents are careless in the matter. Talk with the child about the Sunday School. If you cannot go to find out yourself, learn through the child, what the workers are striving to do. Children are forgetful, remember this, and as soon as possible talk over with them what has been said or done while fresh in their minds, as superintendent or teacher may have charged them to inform you of matters of mutual importance. Help them to remember these things, but above all things do not encourage tale bearing and fault finding. If the child does not love its teacher, rest assured the Superintendent will find it out and see where the fault lies without your interference. Know your children's teacher. Identify yourselves with the Sunday School by your interest in it, through your children.

There are a thousand and one ways in which we may give our aid, so let us arouse ourselves and, as parents, be wide awake, earnest Sunday School workers both in the schools and in our houses.

Let us who stay at home remember not to criticise. The soldier on the field of battle knows the need of the hour and acts accordingly. It becomes the stay-at-home to find fault and make suggestions; he only makes himself absurd by his ignorance.

So, parents, let us encourage our willing, faithful workers by word and deed, and above all, by our prayers to the Father who, even now, says to them: "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

The above was read by Mrs. Claude Paxton at the Sunday School convention at Camargo, Ky., June 23, 1903.

Sentimental.

The Atlanta News says: "An Augusta court room was the scene of as tender a little drama of the emotions the other day as was ever brought out behind the footlights."

"George Moore, 70 years of age, a Union veteran, was on trial for burglary. He confessed that he was guilty, but told how he had been driven to the ways of crime through extreme want."

"The jury was made up of ex-Confederates—the judge was an ex-Confederate—the sheriff was an ex-Confederate—the solicitor was, as all the others, an ex-Confederate soldier. The prisoner had pleaded 'guilty.' What could they do but convict? This they did, the jury recommending mercy. The judge assessed the fine, one dollar, the sheriff paid it, and the solicitor ordered it handed to the prisoner. The old ex-Union soldier walked out of the box with grateful tears streaming down his old and wrinkled cheeks; afterwards ex-Confederate soldiers made up a purse to pay their erstwhile enemy's fare back to his 'Old Kentucky Home.'"

The News asks and exclaims: "Sentimental? Yes, thank God!"

Yes, thank God! it is a trait that lies deep in the heart of every true Southern man's breast. It may have a place in a cold, mercenary world around us. It may be an unknown quantity in this hurrying age of commercialism. It may find but scant opportunity to bestow itself on worthy subjects—but when the occasion presents, you can depend upon it, every mother's son of a lost, though loved cause, will rise superior to the moment, and flinging to the shades of a baser life, all thought of financial gain and think only of a fellow-being in want, and with a love for all God's creatures, fly to the relief of him in need.